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A. F. & A. M. McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8.00 p. m., in Masonic hall. Charles L. Fahnestock, W. M. LON CONE, Sec.

BOILERMAKERS McCook Lodge No. 407, B. of B. M. & I. S. B. of A., meets first and third ridays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.

DEGREE OF HONOR McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and forth Fried's of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's ball.

Mr. Launa Osburn, C. of H. MRS. MATIEG. WEI LES. Rec.

FAGLES McCook Aerie No. 1514, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Wodnesdays, of each month at 8:00 p.m., in Ganschow's hall Social meet ings on the first and third Wednesdays.
W. H. Commins, W. Pres.
H. P. Peterson, W. Sec.

EASTERS STAR 8:00 p. m., in Masonie ball. Mrs. Sarah E. Kay, W. M. SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

G. A. R. J. K. Barnes Post No. 207. G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., Gansenow's hall. J. M. HENDERSON, Condr. J. H. Yarger, Adjt.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Diamoud's hall. FRANK REAL, G. K. G. R. GALE, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PITHIAS McCook Lodge No. 42. K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
M. Lawritson, C. C.
J. N. GAARDE, K. R. S.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall. EMPRSON HANSON, E. C.

SYLVESTER CORDEAL. Rec.

LADY NACCABEES. mouth in Ganschow hall.
Mrs. W. B. Mills. Commander.

HARRIST E. WILLETTS, R. K. LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS McCook Division No. 623, B, of L. E., meets every first and third Saturday of each month, at

8:00 in Berry's hall. W. C. SCHENCK, C. E. W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E. LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

McCook Lodge No. 599 B. of L. F. & E., meets every Saturday. at 7:30 p. m., in Gans-chow's hail. I. D. PENNINGTON, M. GEO. A. CAMPBELL, Sec.

MACHINISTS Red Willow Lodge No. 587, I. A. of M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow hall. D. O. HEWITT, Pres. W. H. ANDERSON, Rec. Sec.

MODERN WOODM Noble Camp No. 663, M. W. A., meets every JOHN HUNT, V. C. BARNEY HOFER, Clerk.

ODD FELLOWS. McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow s hall. E. H. Doan, N. G.

P. E. O. Chapter X. P. E. O., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2.30 p. m., at the homes of the various members.

Mrs. C. W. Britt, Pres. MRS. J. G. SCHOBEL, Cor. Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS. Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 3:00 p. m., in Diamond's ball. JOE HEGENBERGER, C. Con. M. O. McClure, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 487, B. of R. T., meets every Friday at 8:00 p. m., in Berry's hall.

H. W. CONOVER, M. F. J. HUSTON, Sec.

WORKMEN McCook Lodge No. 61, A.O.U.W., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Diamond's hall. Web. Stephens, M. W. C. B. GRAY, Rec.

King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets every first and third Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall. CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P. CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

R. A. M.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS Noble Camp No. 862, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. Mrs. Mary Walker, Oracle. MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec

R. S. M. Oc-co-nox-ee Council No.16.R.&S.M..meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., n Masonie hall. RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M. SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

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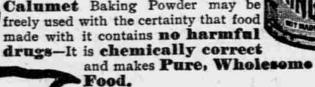
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THE GRASS FENCE.

Bunker Hill.

have impressed again on your heart a creek. courage of the New Hampshire farmers and their captain, John Moer,

knew that no men were ever led by a the fuse smoking and sputtering. braver man than their beloved Captain Eareka Chapter N. St. O. E. S., meets the 1795 they marched with him and his thing he could do would be to get into gilt diamond to the center of the poutregiment.

Hill. Behind a fence, piled thick with ceedings, shouting: grass, Captain Moor's company lay as still as death. An order had come from off!" Colonel Stark that not a shot was to be fired until the British passed a stake that was driven a short distance away. warriors swept grandly toward them. him. With the coolness and wonderful precision of a dress parade the old world came to meet the new, the grenadiers and light infantry marching in single file twelve feet apart, the artillery advancing more slowly and thundering out an insolent defiance to the conceited little rebels, while on each side Ford's head was still on his shoulders. five battalions formed an oblique line | He looked cautiously up and, seeing all Valley Queen Hive No. 2, L. O. 1, M., meets every first and third Thursday evenings of each flower of the English army, full blos- eeh!" as cheerly as if he had treed a somed in learned maneuvers, resplendent in shining arms and waving banners, advanced to meet a little group of men untrained in tactics of warfare, only half armed, clad in homespun.

hiding behind a breastwork of grass, The dead line was crossed. Bang! The Letter That Brought Freedom to Bang! Bang! The little rebels were awake at last. Now, not the stake. but a line of fallen bodies marked the dead line. Thunder and lightning belched forth from that breastwork A fire, intense, steady, killing, and the brave march of the Britishers was checked. A slight recoil, and the officers, dashing up, again urged the line shot. One by one the brave grenadiers second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. to the earth. The ranks broke and the proud host fled before the meager handful of New Hampshire men. Ah, if we could only have had grass breastworks and Captain John Moor all along the American line!-C. F. Harrison in Atlanta Constitution.

A Philanthropist.

An earnest east side worker says that not long ago she was approached by an old gentleman who has the rep utation of being something of a philan thropist with the request that he be permitted to accompany her on one of her rounds of visits. Much pleased, the worker consented. The destitute condition in which many families were found elicited expressions of deep sympathy from the old gentleman, but to his companion's surprise and tegret nothing more material. Presently the: came upon a small girl weeping bit-

"What is it, my dear?" the old gentleman inquired.

The child raised a tear stained face and pointed into a dark alleyway. "Me mudder sent me to buy some bread, an' I lost my dime in there, an' I'll git licked awful!" she sobbed.

"Poor dear!" he remarked in a trader voice, at the same time putting his hand into his vest pocket. "Don't cry. Here K J match. Perhaps you will be able to find it!"-Harper's.

Misled by Stationery.

"I wrote a note to my washerwon an about a week or two ago asking her please to bring my clothes home," said the woman. "I needed them. I happened to be in a religious concern at the time and used its paper to write the note on. Bertha came yesterday

enough things to wear a year without

having them washed on your account?" "'To tell you the truth,' Bertha apologized meekly, 'you wrote on that theah religious paypah, and I didn ! pay no 'tenshun to it. I jes' thought i was some o' them peepul writin' to ask me to come to prayah meetin'. I didn't know it was youah lettah, miss, till yesterday mawnin', when I got tiand of seein' it around and opened it. so that was why I didn't git heah no soonah with youah clo'es." "-New York Press.

Moody on the Cards.

One evening in San Francisco Evagelist Moody sat in his room at the ha tel playing a game of cards with Mrs Moody and two friends when a mes senger came in with a dispatch. A+ the boy stood waiting for a reply Mt Moody suddenly asked, "Won't you sit down, my lad, and have a game of authors with us?"

The boy declined and soon left the room. Hardly had the door closed when Mrs. Moody said, "Why, Dwight, what made you think of inviting that boy to sit down and play with us?"

"My dear," replied Moody, "don't y >? see, if I had not called the boy's attention to the fact that we were playing authors all the morning papers would certainly have announced under bis when you come home late at night? headlines that D. L. Moody had been Jaggs-Foolish man! What makes you discovered in a Sar Francisco botal think I get a chance to talk? engaged in a game of rards?"

SCRATCHING FOR SAFETY.

Thrilling Incident of the Battle of An Instance of Finding Fun In the The Demure Brown Maiden In Her Midst of Disaster.

The battle of Bunker Hill gave the The laugh often comes in the very The Japanese college girl entertained occasion for many deeds of valor, and face of danger. Privations and perils the fudge party with oriental remisince that day we hold a list of names cannot check the response to the com- niscences. illuminated in our memory. One of Ical. An instance of finding fun in the "On every holiday," she said, "the these names belongs to the Knight of | midst of disaster is told by Captain T. Japanese maiden must rise and have Derryfield. Do you remember who he C. Morton in the "Southern Historical her tollet finished before the sun looks was, and can you recall the song of his Papers." The Confederate picket line over Fujiyama, our sacred mountain. bravery? Read of it once more and was stationed on a sandy bottom near "And what a toilet! The long, coarse

was very plucky. He was seated near knob of polished black marble. The an uprooted tree and could be plainly cheeks are rouged a fine pink. The When the forty-five men of the little seen by all his company. Suddenly a throat, neck and besom are powdered, town of Derryfield, N. H., left their large mortar shell fell, unexploded, in but at the nape of the neck there are homes to fight for the great cause each the sand about four feet from him, left three lines of the original brown

John took in the situation at a Japanese cosmetic art. Moor. His courage had inspired many glance. He argued to himself that the "With charcoal she rounds and of them in the French and Indian war. shell would burst before he could get lengthens her eyebrows. She reddens So, eagerly, when the alarm came in up and run away, so that the safest her lips with cherry paste, adding a drummer boy son to Cambridge, where the ground as fast as possible. With ing lower lip. She puts on eight fresh he was entered a captain in Stark's the utmost rapidity he began to work garments, and she ties her obi, or great down into the sand with hands, feet sash, in a symbolical knot. Her socks And now comes the battle of Bunker and head. The men watched the pro- -she doesn't wear stockings-are very

was a man more in earnest. The sand pipe in her girdle, puts six paper handall about was in commotion, and in the kerchiefs up her wide sleeve and sal-With perfect confidence in themselves few seconds the fizzing fuse gave him lies forth, turning her toes in and wavand their captain, the farmers waited John burrowed like a great gopher till, ing her fan with a demure grace."--waited motionless while that beauti. nothing but the hump of his back was Los Angeles Times. ful, death dealing pageant of British visible as the loose sand settled above

The explosion came with a tremendous jar, which shook the ground and sent hundreds of pieces of iron singing through the air. Every one held his breath, expecting to see poor John blown into atoms. When the smoke and dust blew away, it was seen that coon instead of having been face to face with death. A cheer and a laugh ran all along the line.

INGENIOUS CIPHER.

Sir John Trevanion.

During the great rebellion Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of as a warning to czar. "I will have it out in a minute." forward. Not for one moment did the he awaited his doom he was startled profuse thanks from the husband. grass fence cease its voice of fire and by the entrance of the jailer, who handed him a letter.

"May't do thee good," growled the fellow. "It has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to you." Sir John took the letter, and the jailer left him his lamp by which to read it.

Worthie Sir John,-Hope, that, is ye best comfort of ye afflictyd, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde say to you, is this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do; but what I can do, bee thou verle sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it, it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this soe bitter cup. We pray that you may be. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings. Only if bie submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you wolde have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command .- R. T.

Now, this letter was written according to a preconcerted cipher. Every third letter after a stop was to tell. In this way Sir John made out, "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following events the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe this was accomplished. Before the hour had expired the chapel was empty. The bird had flown.-London Tit-Bits.

A Quick Retort.

Tennessee bred two great orators in the olden days-Andrew Johnson, a Democrat, once president of the United States, and Gustavus A. Henry, a Whig, known as the "Eagle Orator of the South." They ran against each other for governor, and when a long series of joint debates had reached its close Johnson addressed the Whigs in the audience, "I have spoken with the boasted eagle orator from the Missis-"Tve a great notion to discharge sippi river to the Unaka mountains, you, Bertha,' I told her. 'Why didn't and as yet I see no flesh in his talons you bring me my clothes? Must I get nor blood on his beak." Quick as a flash Henry was on his feet, saying, "The American eagle is a proud bird and feeds not on carrion."

Birds' Muscular Power.

Birds are possessed of enormous muscular power, far exceeding in some cases that of any other warm blooded creature. There is an instance on record of an eagle weighing no more than fourteen pounds lifting and carrying of a young pig which weighed no less than forty-two pounds. How many men could even stagger along the ground carrying three times their own weight in their hands? The kick of an ostrich is a fearsome thing. It will break a man's thigh or even the leg of a horse.-Exchange.

When on Tour. Papa-Ah, my boy, the old days were the best! Then we did our courting, walking in the country lanes, gathering

buttercups and daisies. Son-Why, pop! We go courting in the country lanes just the same today, only instead of walking we go in autos and instead of gathering daisies we gather momentum.-Town and Coun-

Not His Say. Beggs-What do you say to your wife

A JAPANESE TOILET.

Holiday Attire.

black tresses are washed, combed and the implicit obedience and perfect | John Ford, one of the men on duty, greased till the head shines like a skin, in accordance with the rules of

> white and pure, and her clogs are "Scratch, John, scratch! She's going lacquered till they shine like a silk hat. "Now she is ready to set out. She It was an exciting spectacle. Never fills her silk tobacco pouch, thrusts her

A ROYAL DENTIST.

The Story of a Tooth Pulling by Peter the Great.

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seemed very melancholy. The czar asked him what was the matter. "Oh, your majesty," said the man,

"my wife is suffering the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out." "If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it. Take me to her at once." When they arrived the woman declared that she was not suffering at all; there was nothing the matter with

"That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suffering tortures."

"Hold her head and hands," said the "malignants," and Trevanion had ev- And he instantly pulled out the indiery reason to expect a similar end. As cated tooth with great dexterity, amid

> What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an unsound tooth in her head.-Argonaut,

Bridge Whist.

At least 60 per cent of the game of bridge lies in the make. A poor player loses tricks and often the game and rubber by his play, but so many hands occur in which there is really no play that such losses are comparatively unimportant compared with the havoc wrought by an injudicious maker, for constantly his decision is invoked when the safety of the game or its success lies in his judgment of the value of his hand. To choose between hearts or diamonds and no trumps, to select clubs rather than spades, to know when a five card suit is safe and when one of four cards should be chosen, above all to keep an unrelaxing attention upon the state of the score, with its shifting demands-all these are the sterling qualities of a good maker. Once sensible that you are lacking in any such respect you will find your game appreciably strengthened by attention and study .-"Good Bridge."

The Victorian English.

The England which spoke the language which was already dying in the eighteen-sixties was before all things a world of the country. The sights and sounds of nature played a far greater part in the lives of the mass of the people than they do today. This is reflected, for instance, in the way in which birds and animals were spoken of and the names given them. I have myself once or twice heard old people in the country speak of the hen as TO RENTERS: "Dame Partlet." One is familiar with the phrase from books, of course-it is Chaucer's "Pertolette"-but once or twice as a child I actually heard it. I suppose it would be impossible to hear it anywhere now.-London Outlook.

Fluency of Speech.

The common Energy of speech in many men and most women is owing to a searcity of matter and a searcity of words, for wimever is a master of language and faith a mind full of ideas will be apt in speaking to besifate upon the choice of both whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth, so people come finder out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door --Denn Swift

Exemplified.

Georgie-Auntle, what does irony mean? Auntio-It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. Georgie-I think I understand you auntie. Wouldn't this be irony: "Auntle, I don't want a nice big piece of cake?"

Odd Change.

"Grabbit has given up bank clerking to take a position as a conductor on the electric cars."

"But that's an odd change." "Odd change? Sure! That's what induced him."-Bohemian.

Let every bird sing its own note. Danish Proverb.

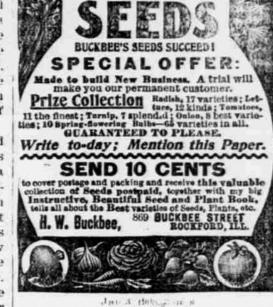
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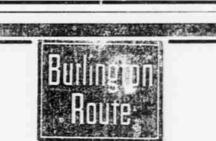
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